

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXX. No. 2206

London
October 6, 1943



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REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
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LONDON
OCTOBER 6, 1943

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXX. No. 2206

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 3d. Foreign 11d.



John Vickers

The Sherwood Sisters—At The Savoy Theatre

Sally Gray and Coral Browne are the Sherwood sisters in Firth Shephard's presentation of *My Sister Eileen*, an American comedy by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, based on the stories of Ruth McKenney. Swopping stockings so that a prospective employer's enthusiasm may not be dampened by a "run" is all part of the fun which two impecunious young girls may expect when they leave the security of a provincial home to seek fame and fortune on Broadway with small assets beyond the qualification of being easy on the eye



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Change

MR. CORDELL HULL's health has compelled the reconsideration of the meeting place of the three-Power conference. Originally the British Government desired the conference in London. It was thought that the time had come when the capital of the British Empire should be recognised as a suitable place for such an international gathering, particularly as the Prime Minister and other Ministers have travelled abroad so much since the war started. But in deference to other views the British Government agreed that if it would suit the Americans and the Russians no objections would be raised to Mr. Anthony Eden travelling to Moscow.

In other words, the proposed conversations are of such vital importance to all concerned, and the world at large, that dignity or desire should not stand in the way. Moscow was suitable to the Americans if Mr. Sumner Welles was to lead the American delegation. Apparently the Soviet Government were equally prepared to have the meeting in London or Moscow. When Mr. Sumner Welles's resignation was finally accepted by the President, it was imperative that Mr. Cordell Hull should attend on behalf of the United States Government. The American Secretary of State's advancing years—he was seventy-two last week—make it necessary for him to take every care, and the long journey to Moscow was always regarded as much too arduous for him to risk.

Mr. Cordell Hull is the type of statesman who has to be protected against his own determination to fulfil all his responsibilities. He is the Grand Old Man of American

public life, stern and stolid in loyalty to his principles. He will be a great asset to the conference. For more than a year Mr. Hull has had a standing invitation to come to London as the guest of the British Government and to extend his acquaintance with more of Mr. Eden's colleagues. In every way he will be a welcome guest.

Tasks

ALL that is known about the preparations for the three-Power conference is that the agenda will be most comprehensive. Every aspect of Anglo-American-Soviet relations will be set out for review. Obviously the desire of the British Government is to use this opportunity to clear the air and finally to fashion the machinery of co-operation which will serve the Allies now and when hostilities are ended. There is plenty of evidence that German morale is deteriorating rapidly, and this fact presents the conference with a supremely vital task at the very outset of the deliberations. What to do with Germany?

Clearly military minded people will assert at once that the first duty is to defeat Germany. Of course this is true, but our statesmen have to take into account the possibility that Germany will collapse internally, and that conceivably the Nazi regime might suddenly be replaced by some other form of government in Germany. This happened in Italy, and, therefore, what is to stop the same thing happening in Germany? This is a reasonable question to ask, although some people still retort that it is merely wishful thinking. If it is wishful thinking, then some highly-placed people stand accused of this malady. If the three-Power conference can reach a hard and

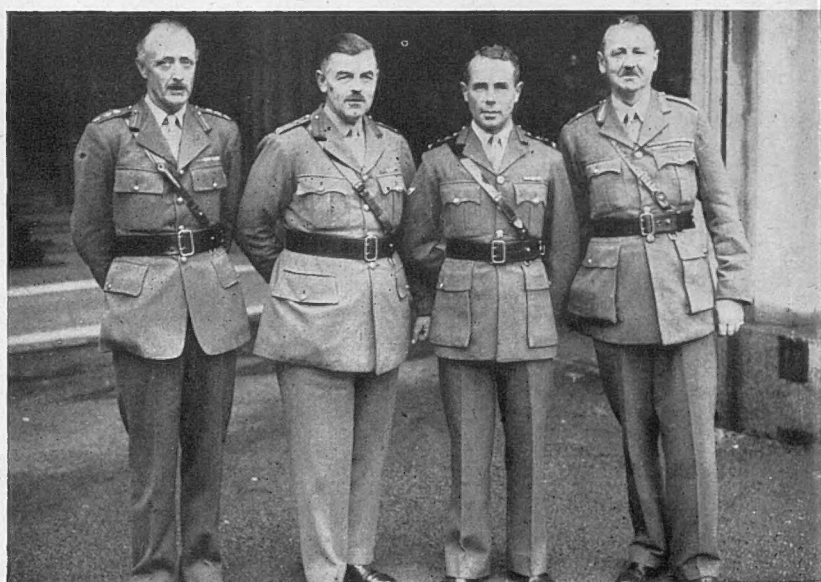
fast understanding about the way they would handle a sudden German request for an armistice, they will have done well.

There is no reason why the conference should not reach such an agreement fairly quickly, for it has been stated officially that Marshal Stalin saw and approved in advance the Unconditional Surrender terms which were eventually presented to Italy. Germany is a much more difficult problem than Italy. First of all, she has to be brought to the point of collapse and I would agree with anybody who says that at this moment this is not going to be the easy matter it seems. But we do know the German mentality, and how suddenly and unexpectedly their resistance can snap. If the Allies can plan to meet this eventuality they will smooth the way to peace and, we hope, avoid some of the prospects of chaos which rise starkly before all contemplative minds.

Pledges

MARSHAL STALIN has pledged himself to the destruction of Nazi Germany. Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt have declared that not only Nazi-ism but Prussianism should be rooted out of Germany. These pledges raise the question of how they can be achieved. Is Germany to be partitioned, and particularly severely divided and segregated in the case of Prussia, or are the United Nations prepared to maintain for a length of time which we cannot now visualise, a military occupation of Germany? Agreement on such great issues as these will not be easy to achieve. So many considerations are involved, but good faith and an honest desire to serve the future of mankind and protect the world from another conflagration will make this monumental task much easier.

Soviet Russia is as interested in the shape of the future as anybody else. Marshal Stalin is a realist as well as a Russian idealist. Signs are not wanting that he recognises that Russia will need the help of other nations to restore his ravaged country and to develop still further her vast territories. Equally it is clear that Marshal Stalin does not order so many salvoes to be fired by the Moscow garrison without reason. By these salvoes he detonates new hope and new determination in the hearts and minds of the Russian people who, like everybody else, do not desire to go on in the midst of mass misery and death for a moment longer than is necessary.



The King Holds an Investiture: Awards For the Army

Two famous Scottish regiments were represented at the investiture by Lt.-Col. William Roper-Caldbeck, who is in the Black Watch, and Lt.-Col. H. W. B. Saunders, of the Gordon Highlanders. They both received the D.S.O.

Col. R. B. Sheppard and Brig. A. F. Fisher both received the D.S.O.; Brig. G. P. B. Roberts had four awards to collect, the D.S.O. and two bars, and the M.C.; and Maj.-Gen. H. B. W. Hughes was awarded the C.B. Brig. Roberts has been abroad for six years



A Round Table Conference of Allied Chiefs of Staff at New Delhi, India

In this picture are Brig.-Gen. B. H. Ferris and Gen. Sir Claude Auchinleck, G.C.I.E., D.S.O., O.B.E. Gen. Auchinleck became C.-in-C. India this year for the second time. He previously held the post from 1940 to 1941

Others round the table at the Conference were Rear-Admiral L. V. Morgan, C.B.E., M.V.O., D.S.C.; Lt.-Gen. E. L. Morris, C.B., O.B.E., M.C.; Brig. T. E. D. Kelly; and Gen. Sir George Giffard, K.C.B., D.S.O. The Conference took place at G.H.Q., New Delhi

Merit

SIR JOHN ANDERSON has won much applause, publicly and privately, from all who have sat in Cabinet meetings with him since the war started. Ministers of all political parties have proclaimed that in Sir John Anderson they have met the most straightforward, hard-working, efficient and experienced administrator of all time. No problem has been too involved for Sir John Anderson to unravel and straighten out with comparative ease. Therefore his appointment to the high office of Chancellor of the Exchequer is a reward as well as a tribute. I doubt, but unfortunately I have not been able to confirm this, that any civil servant of such long service as Sir John, has ever achieved this distinction in modern times. The late Lord Snowden was, of course, for a short time a revenue official before he took to politics. But in Sir John Anderson we have a man who started in the Civil Service and gradually worked through one department after another until he reached an eminence in the Home Office (after having served in Dublin in the civil war in a

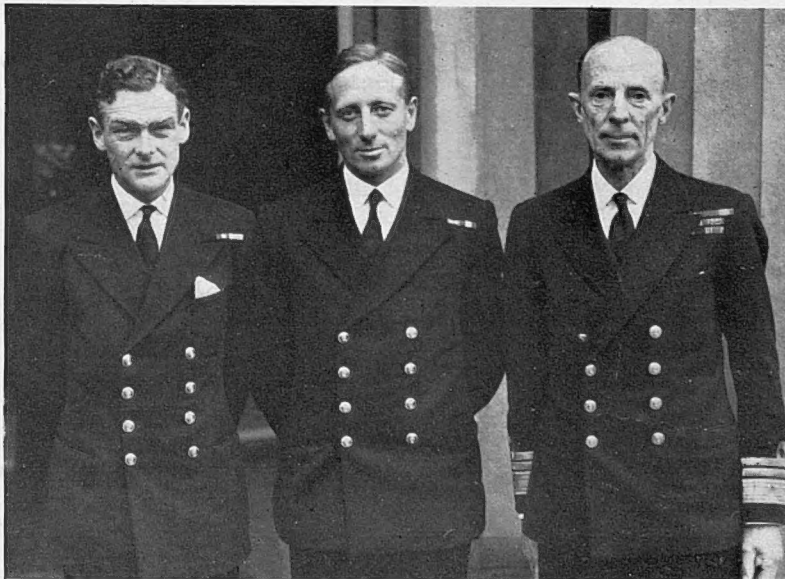
highly responsible and risky official position) which caused him to be selected as Governor of Bengal at a time of grave crisis there.

Having achieved this position, and fulfilled five years of strenuous administration, Sir John came home as a civilian and was immediately offered several lucrative city directorships. He could have sat back and enjoyed the wealth that these would have brought him, but when the call came to serve the country as a Cabinet Minister he answered it, and as a result has made his name memorable in Whitehall. None doubt that he will be successful as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that he will carry the heavy responsibilities of controlling the nation's finances, and directing national policy amidst all the intricacies of international finance, with the same calm, courageous and far-sighted vision as he has in all his other offices.

Surprise

THE promotion of Mr. Richard Law to Cabinet rank as Minister of State is a

tribute to young men in politics. In his early forties—he is forty-two—Mr. Law has begun to show signs of inheriting many of the qualities of his remarkable father, the late Bonar Law. The son even emulates his father's feats of memory. He refuses ever to make a speech from anything but the briefest notes. The rare occasions on which he has tried to deliver a speech from manuscript has found him ill at ease. He has a capacious memory which he prefers to rely on. But in other respects he is his father's son, in character, steadfastness and political judgment. By a coincidence—and it was a political surprise—Lord Beaverbrook, one of Bonar Law's closest friends and greatest admirers, was brought back into the Government by Mr. Churchill at the same time as Mr. Richard Law was promoted. Lord Beaverbrook is given the post of Lord Privy Seal which normally is regarded as a sinecure, but those who know him realise that he will not tolerate idleness. He is dynamic and restless and chock-full of ideas. It is this vitality, which never seems to flicker, that appeals to Mr. Churchill.



Men of the Royal Navy Receive Their Decorations at the Palace

Lt.-Cdr. L. St. George Rich received a bar to the D.S.O., and Lt.-Cdr. E. N. Pumphrey got two bars to the D.S.O., while Vice-Admiral Sir Alfred Evans, O.B.E., received a knighthood, awarded in the Birthday Honours

Lt.-Cdr. Peter Scott, R.N.V.R., son of the explorer, received the D.S.C. and the Military O.B.E. His wife and mother were with him. He commanded the British Force which fought three German patrol vessels off the French coast ten days ago

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Half a Masterpiece

By James Agate

"EXPRESSIONISM" in the theatre is, I am glad to say, dying. The expressionist producer gloried in posing his characters on precarious step-ladders, straddled athwart beams and squatting on the apices of triangles—so long as these characters were thus perched and poised the matter of their jabbering was immaterial. I have long thought that if ever I were to produce *King Lear* I should arrange for the nozzle of the hosepipe providing the storm to be in full view of the audience, and the heath covered with a tarpaulin such as circus clowns use for a water act. But alas, the moment for this nonsense has gone by: expressionism is not merely dying. It is dead.

EXPRESSIONISM, or montage, or whatever they call it in the films is still very much alive and kicking. It was a dire day for the pictures when Lubitsch or Hitchcock or somebody discovered that the scream of a woman was exactly like the scream of a train entering a tunnel. At once the highbrow director set

achieved by means native to the cinema. A face half-seen behind a twitching lace curtain and a child calling up the staircase of a voiceless house; the hypodermic needle lying by the bedroom jug." This pulls me up short. It is the sight of this hypodermic needle which tells a son (a) that his mother has cancer, (b) that she has to have morphia, and (c) that she has only a fortnight to live.

What of it, do you ask? Merely that the young man is not only living with his mother and having her daily and hourly under his observation, but that he is also a medical student advanced to the point when he is about to go to Vienna to specialise in psychiatry! As a dramatic critic I should point out that a medical student who doesn't know a dying mother when he sees one is a measureless ass and can only do measureless harm when he becomes what the soldiers call a "trick cyclist."

Here perhaps is the place to record a cynical remark I heard the other day: "Psychiatry, my dear fellow? Psychiatry is the science

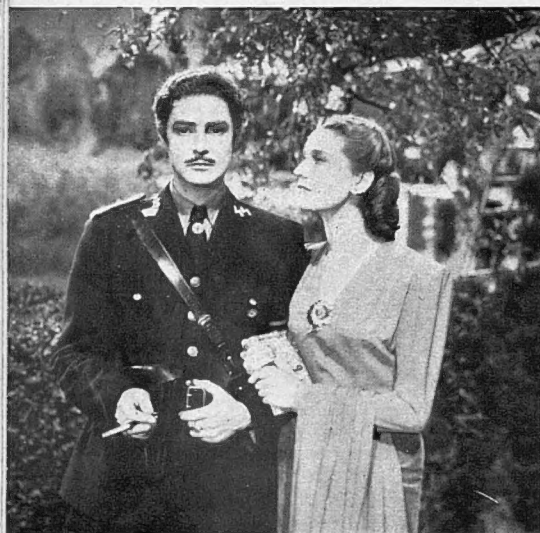
half-hour of this picture has extraordinary tension and pathos, and I was at least ten times more absorbed than I was at the old Orson Welles fudge of *When is a Sledge Not a Sledge?* Then came one of the, to me, greatest surprises I have experienced at the pictures—the doctor shot his daughter and committed suicide! Whereupon I settled myself most firmly in my seat, holding that the plot must develop along *Berkeley Square* lines.

UP to this point the acting of Claude Rains, Robert Cummings and Betty Field had been very fine. Three-quarters of an hour then passed in which we heard not one word of the medical student, who had gone to Vienna to study, the doctor or his daughter. Instead the film developed into a long, mushy yarn about the medical student's chum, the local Lothario, and how he took down-town girls buggy-riding to the distress of the little up-town girl who was in love with him. Now I don't mind boring and uninteresting films; I am inured to them, and if I get off with two of this sort a week consider myself lucky. But to be bored and uninterested after expectation has been raised to the highest point is just too much, and I won't stand—I mean sit—for it. Next morning I discovered from the papers that all I had missed was a railway accident, after which Lothario had had both legs unnecessarily amputated by the up-town girl's father, a sadistic doctor, and was thereby reduced to such a state of melancholy that the young psychiatrist had to return from Vienna in order to restore his friend's waning morale by reading *Henley's Invictus* at him.

WHEN doctors differ, who shall decide? And what is the pupil to think who is reading medicine with both? As I sat on Sunday last at the feet of my two monitresses I was horrified to find them pointing in different directions! My dear Dilys opined: "It is by the most delicate choice of detail and of moment that the currents of disappointment, bitterness, ferocity, and despair flowing beneath the surface of trivial existence are made clear to us, just as they are made clear at last to the central and innocent figure." Whereas my not less revered Lejeune bluntly said she never wanted to see *King's Row* again! In other words, both these fine critics had got the needle, but in different senses. In my own clumsy way I venture to think that both were right, that the

film is half masterpiece and half junk.

Stage Door Canteen (Odeon) has been running long enough to permit one to say what one really thinks about it. In my view it is a concatenation of drivel in which forty-seven film stars and Yehudi Menuhin appear with rather less than more success. Gracie Fields sings two indifferent songs indifferently, Menuhin performs two pieces neither of which was written for the violin, and a great many people I have never seen or heard of behave as though they were world-celebrities. I whiled away the tedium by trying to decide which of the six dance bands reached the lowest depths of sub-normality. Quickly eliminating the Negro and Cuban bands which, after all, were performing their native music, I thought Benny Goodman's lot won the Humiliation Stakes hands down.



Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson (*Empire*)

Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson co-star in "*Adventures of Tartu*," the story of Captain Terrence Stevenson, delayed bomb expert, who, as Jan Tartu, a Rumanian, sets out to destroy a Nazi poison gas factory. His meeting with Maruschka, toast of the Nazis, is the romantic thread round which the story is woven

about fusing the two, and what began as woman ended as tunnel. And he ceased to care why the woman was screaming or where the train was going; the fusion was all that troubled him. And so it has gone on. Say that you want to indicate a boy growing up into manhood. You do this by showing a pair of knees, stockings and thick schoolboy shoes kicking a pebble along the road. This fades into grown-up trousers, and manly feet kicking a similar pebble along the same road. And the director is again totally indifferent to what has happened to the young man in the meantime.

IT is this kind of thing which has made our higher-browed critics hail *King's Row* (Warner and Regal) as getting on for a masterpiece. "The presentation and development of the characters and their lives are



Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake

"*So Proudly We Hail*" (Plaza, Oct. 8th), is the story of U.S. Army nurses on Bataan and Corregidor, "the first women in front lines in war's history." It is a story of war in terms of three people—Janet Davidson (Claudette Colbert), Olivia D'Arcy (Veronica Lake), and Joan O'Doul (Paulette Goddard). The picture has the official approval of the U.S. War Department

which proves that what makes a man a criminal is anything and everything except the criminal instinct!" But to go back to the film. As a dramatic critic I should have diagnosed the medical student as a fool. As a cinema critic I should—nay, must—go into raptures over a needle.

NOW I have a dreadful confession to make. This is that I left the picture-house three-quarters of the way through the film! And I will explain why. *King's Row* begins brilliantly with the story of a doctor, not unlike Jane Eyre's Mr. Rochester, saddled with a lunatic wife. There is also a daughter, whom the doctor keeps secluded, and with whom the young medical student, coming to read with the doctor, falls in love—they have been boy-and-girl sweethearts—although he only sees her every few weeks or even months. The first



Brought together by the exigencies of war, Jennifer, a society girl (Anne Crawford), Gwen, a Welsh girl with humour (Megs Jenkins) and Celia, daughter of a typical middle-class family (Patricia Roc), meet for the first time in the office of the Labour Superintendent (Hilda Davies)



Mr. Crowson, Celia's father (Moore Marriott), joins the Home Guard. His family life is broken up, and it is a further blow to him when his daughter Phyllis (Joy Shelton) breaks the news that she has joined the A.T.S.

"Millions Like Us"

A Film Dedicated To The Women Without Uniform
In Our Factories Today

There have been films about the A.T.S., films about the W.A.A.F.s, films about nearly all the many services to which women are adding their weight today. *Millions Like Us* is the film tribute of the Gainsborough studios to the women in war factories—the women, young and old, who wear no glamorous uniform but, nevertheless, play a vital and essential part in the defeat of dictatorship. It has been made with the co-operation of war factories and workers' hostels in different parts of the country, and the lives, daily routine, pleasures and hardships of these women are woven around the human story of Celia Crowson (Patricia Roc) and her love for a young sergeant air-gunner, Fred Blake (Gordon Jackson). Shrewd and amusing comments on the effects of war on different classes of people are made by our old friends, Charters and Caldico (Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne), who wander on and off the screen as nonchalantly as ever



Away from home, Celia finds romance. She falls in love with a young sergeant air-gunner (Gordon Jackson) and marries him. A few weeks later he is killed flying. In work Celia finds consolation for her tragic loss



Right: Two familiar figures are Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne

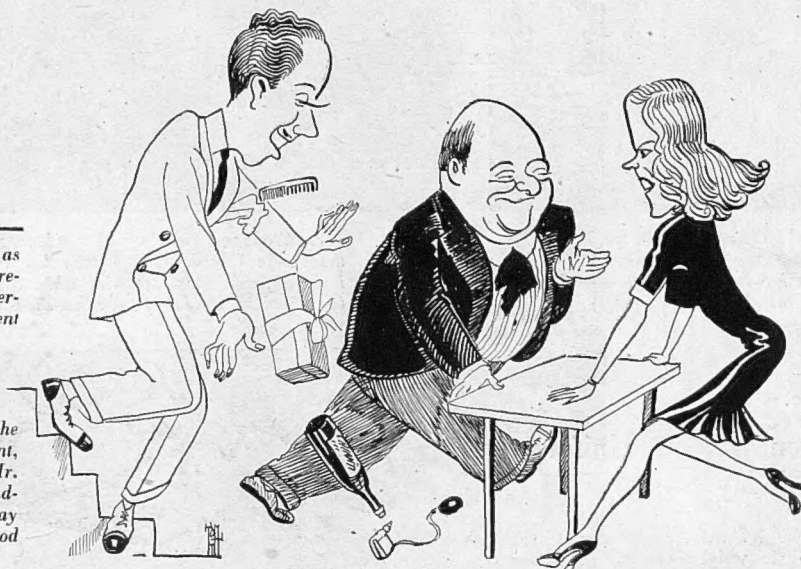


As factory foreman, Charlie Forbes (Eric Portman) has to put the girls through their paces. He considers Jennifer thoroughly spoiled and proceeds to "break" her, succeeding to such an extent that he falls in love with her in the process



Virginia Winter as Violet Shelton, previous owner of the Sherwood sisters' basement

Graeme Muir as the chemist's assistant, Max Bacon as Mr. Appopolous, the landlord, and Sally Gray as Eileen Sherwood



Coral Browne as Ruth Sherwood—the part played by Rosalind Russell in the film—and Ellis Irving as Robert Baker

My Sister Eileen (Savoy)

THE English production of this preposterous farce is funny enough to make one wish, somewhat ungratefully, that it had been wholly American. Then we should have known the worst. Not that it fails to tickle the lower ribs or provoke the ventral guffaw. But if its punches had been delivered by Broadway buffoons, every funny-bone in the theatre might have been dislocated, if not broken. Such idiomatic knockabout as Messrs. Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov have based on the stories of Ruth McKenney, depends almost as much on the speech and deportment of the characters as on the punishment they take and survive. And while our native comedians do not wilfully pull their punches, one cannot help realising that "When in America, do as America does," is here counsel of unattainable perfection, seeing that the venue, which purports to be Greenwich Village, New York, is really the sea coast of farcical Bohemia. However, there is fun, and to spare.

PREPOSTEROUS is a mild term to apply to the adventures of Ruth and her sister Eileen, two ambitious girls, who leave their provincial home to seek fame and fortune in New York, Ruth as a writer, Eileen as an actress. Ruth, it is true, can write and has her typewriter; Eileen thinks she can act, and has her personality. Otherwise their capital is limited to hope, a dubious asset to set against such inexorable liabilities as food, clothing, and shelter.

They arrive in a New York heat-wave; and it needs no excursion into hyperbole to describe the shelter they find as hell, even merry hell, with the lid off. It is a basement studio as garish as deceitful, and it is situated just over a new subway that is being excavated with the periodic assistance of dynamite.

The view from the only window is semi-subterranean and dustbin high. This window has no blind; the back door has no lock; and since the previous tenant, a free-lance

amorist named Violet, had failed to notify her gregarious clientele of her sudden change of address; the sisters were seldom alone. Moreover, their landlord is a Greek who, like Mrs. Malaprop, has the wrong word for most things, and reaches such heights of perverted gentility as: "Eileen! Or may I call you Miss Sherwood?"

Ruth and Eileen are regular girls; and if only they had been, in fact, Miss Coral Browne and Miss Sally Gray, instead of the farce-bound figments these bright actresses so gamely impersonate, such quarters would not have been looked at twice, but, so far as they were concerned, might have remained untenanted till Doomsday, or dynamite had done its worst. Fortunately, however, for our laughter's

sake, they took the studio at sight and moved in at once. And adventure entered with them.

THE authors take full farcical licence to flout the laws of probability. Such deference as they pay to niceties of art relates, not to the higher drama, but to the higher lunacy. The studio window provides a peep-show for drunks, cheeri-hoboes, small boys, and other local fauna who, attracted like moths to a candle, cling to the railings outside, and quiz the bed-going rites within. And when Ruth belatedly switches off the interior lights, even more pertinent illumination comes from the street lamp without. So that, what with the unheralded intrusions of their fellow-lodger, a cheerful hirsute footballer, the police, Violet's unnotified clients, and other impulsive home-from-homers, our two Arcadian innocents are drastically initiated into the manners and customs of farcical Bohemia. They survive, though not without some all-in fights for both life and honour, relieved in the long run by true romance.

One who knows has advised us that gentlemen prefer blondes. By a coincidence, however, or perhaps it is the exception that proves a rule, the only gentleman in the running prefers Ruth, who is a pronounced brunette. He is certainly justified by the admirable poise of Miss Coral Browne who plays her. As Eileen, Miss Sally Gray supports the prevailing preference by being chased from pillar to post by a series of would-be Tarquins that range from the landlord, through the gunroom personnel of a Latin-American battleship and Violet's unnotified clients, to a bland fop who drops in to eke out the studio catering with samples from the drug-store at which he serves.

The acting is firm to very funny. Mr. Max Bacon's malapropian landlord, and Mr. Charles Farrell's temperamental footballer, substantially fortify the fun, to which the unseen dynamiters, before handing over to even more devilish sleep-disturbers, contribute their quota with the shattering zeal of Passchendaele sappers. The general laughter is similarly explosive.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Wreck—an out-of-work footballer—is useful as the Sherwoods' chucker-out. Charles Farrell and Harry Ross

"Twelfth Night"

The Walter Hudd Production
for C.E.M.A., at Coventry



Malvolio: "My masters, are you mad? . . . Have you no wit, manners nor honesty?"
Blaise Wyndham as Fabian, Walter Hudd as Malvolio, Geoffrey Dunn as Aguecheek, and Helen Burns as Maria



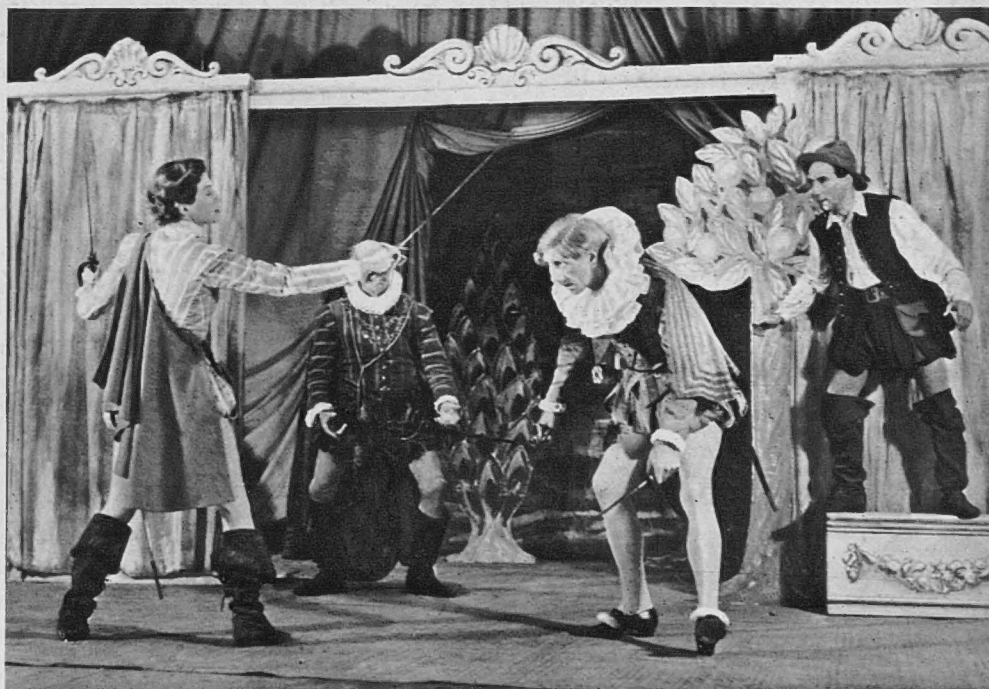
Sebastian: "Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago"
Julian Randall as Sebastian and Patricia Laffan as Olivia

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Orsino: "O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith"
Peter Copley as Orsino, Duke of Illyria, and Wendy Hiller as Viola

The first Shakespearean production to be launched under the auspices of C.E.M.A. (pronounced Seema and standing for The Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts) is *Twelfth Night*. C.E.M.A., which administers a Treasury Grant to maintain the highest standard of art in wartime, sends plays and ballets to the Royal Ordnance and Munition Workers' Hostels all over the country. Plays by Shaw, Aimée Stuart, Wilde, Goldsmith, Eden Phillpotts, Ibsen and Sutton Vane have been included, but it was left to Walter Hudd to present William Shakespeare for the first time. Walter Hudd chose *Twelfth Night* and himself plays the part of Malvolio. With him is Wendy Hiller as Viola. Incidentally, Wendy Hiller is returning to the West End very soon as leading lady in John Gielgud's revival of *The Cradle Song*.



Viola: "Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man"
Wendy Hiller, Jan Stewer as Sir Toby Belch, Geoffrey Dunn and Blaise Wyndham

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



Canteen Workers

Mrs. Lewis Gielgud and Miss Mary Profumo, members of the M.T.C., are drivers for the Church Army mobile canteens, which serve tea and sandwiches to units on gun, searchlight and balloon sites



A Military Haircut

Another Church Army mobile-canteen driver is Miss F. Stanley Hobart, niece of General Montgomery. Besides serving the troops with tea, cakes and cigarettes, she is an expert hair-cutter

Balmoral Holiday

THE KING has been spending a few weeks with his family in Balmoral. In pre-war days this news would have been heralded with pictures of the Royal Family leaving Buckingham Palace, being seen off from Euston or King's Cross, greeting station-masters and being greeted en route, visiting friends and tenants up north, driving, shooting, deer-stalking. But the old order has changed—and when it comes again "it will take a lot of getting used to," as Jack Hulbert sings in his new show at the Palace. Nowadays, for well-founded reasons of security, we must wait until the King and Queen are safely back in London with their family before news of their holiday is published. Still, since it is traditionally better late than never, it is good to know that the King has been able to get a well-deserved respite from his arduous duties. He was out several times on the grouse moors and was able to do a little stalking, although, in common with many other well-known moors, game bags were disappointing. Princess Elizabeth, who had her first experience of deer-stalking last season, was with her father a lot, and with him did some shooting—both with a rifle and with a cine-camera. Meanwhile, Princess Margaret found a pony and trap just as exciting as a motor and much more petrol-saving, and with her mother drove round the countryside visiting old friends and family servants around Deeside. Guests came and went. There were the Princess Royal and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester; King Peter of Yugoslavia with his fiancée, Princess Alexandra of Greece; and the daughters of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, the eldest of whom, the Hon. Mary Elphinstone, accompanied the royal party back to London.

Films for the Navy

NAVAL ships and shore establishments all over the world get the pick of the latest products of Hollywood and British studios quite frequently before anyone else has had the opportunity of seeing them. It is all due to the Royal Naval Film Corporation, who a few

days ago gave a farewell luncheon to Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the new Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia. Lord Louis has often attended these luncheons in the past when they have been held both at Brook House and in his cabin aboard the now famous destroyer, H.M.S. Kelly, which was lost in the Battle of Crete. But Lady Louis has never before been present. In the old days, Lord Louis said, "she used to choose the food and arrange the flowers and then disappear before the guests arrived." The Duchess of Kent was at the luncheon and in a typically charming speech wished Lord Louis every success in the big job that lies ahead of him—a wish echoed by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. A. V. Alexander.

News from Scotland

THE grouse season has been disappointing on the whole, for birds in most places have been very scarce and the difficulties of transport almost insurmountable. Most moors have had very few "driving" days, the shortage both of guns and beaters being the reason. Practically the only beaters available are school-children, and there are not nearly enough of these to go round in some districts. The war is fully occupying the time of many of our best shots, and those who are able to get a few days' leave find the shortage of cartridges a problem. All in all, owners have had a worrying time. Apart from the help it is in their power to give the national larder, they dare not allow the birds to increase on too large a scale, for disease may break out. In Stirlingshire there has been a scarcity of birds; farther south, where the Duke of Norfolk owns some land, the scarcity was even more noticeable; in Perthshire it has been patchy. Some of the best moors this year have been Logie-Almond and Altmad, which belong to Lord Mansfield; Monzie, which belongs to the Maitland-Makgill-Crichtons; and Garrows, which belongs to Mr. Kenneth Hunter.

On the Moors

ON one day's driving at Altmad Lord Mansfield, with Lady Mansfield and his guests,



Lt. and Mrs. John Marno

Lt. John Marno, Irish Guards, eldest son of the late C. Marno and Mrs. Victor Engleheart, of Shelley Priory, Hadley, Suffolk, married Miss Diana Dunell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dunell, of Ryarsh Place, West Malling, Kent, at St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road



Major and Mrs. A. F. Hughes-Gibb

Major Anthony Francis Hughes-Gibb, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hughes-Gibb, married Mrs. Julia Jean Vogel, widow of Brig. F. W. Vogel, and daughter of Capt. G. R. Bald, R.N., and Mrs. Graham Martin, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Lt. and Mrs. A. C. Macphail

Lt. Andrew Cluny Macphail, the Governor-General's Foot Guard, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. G. Macphail, of Ottawa, married Mrs. Barbara Gibson, widow of Capt. Alexander Gibson, and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Kessen, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

all shooting with one gun each, bagged 205 brace, in spite of the fact that several of the guns ran out of cartridges during the last drive of the day and just had to stand in their butts and watch the birds swarming over. At Monzie they shot 70 brace on their best day walking. Colonel Walker, who is commanding his regiment in the north and was on seven days' leave, was amongst the guns. His home is near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, a county where the best grouse moors of England are to be found. At Garrows there were again plenty of birds—450 brace in August, although they did not start until the 12th, and included only two days' driving. Amongst the "guns" shooting with Mr. Hunter were Col. the Hon. George Akers-Douglas, an exceptionally good shot, with a very quick eye like his son Ian, the well-known rackets player and cricketer, who is now soldiering; Col. Alan Gordon, who lives in the north; and Mr. Arthur Moon, K.C., who now lives at Meiklour, his London home in Princes Gardens being used by the American Red Cross.

More Sport

At least one moor was shot by a syndicate this year. This was Moness, which is owned by Mrs. Russell. The syndicate included Lt.-Col. Fyfe-Jamieson and Capt. Frank Douglas, but here there were so few birds that they stopped shooting early. Capt. Douglas and his very attractive wife, who was Miss Pullar before her marriage, took a small cottage in Amubree, quite handy for Moness. At Bolfraks, owned by Mr. and Mrs. "Jock" Hutchinson, the best driving day was 105 brace. The two Hutchinson girls, Joan and Peggy, are both in the F.A.N.Y. Mr. Arthur Basset, that fine sportsman from Cornwall, took Glenquack. But here again the bags were not big, an average day being 50 brace. Mr. Basset's son, Ronald, is one of the finest shots in the country.

The Curtain Goes Down on Salisbury

THE last of the delightful meetings at Salisbury was graced by a lovely day, although people tempted by the sunshine to wear thin clothes were noticeably shivering. The size of the attendance, largely composed of Service men and women, was a tribute to the excellence of the sport and the enjoyment which has been given all through the year at this, the most rural of all the courses at present in use.

A large party of Russian officers in uniform were present and were warmly welcomed by the naturally friendly race crowd. They were taking a keen and obviously expert interest in the



Deram Park



Betram Park

Two Engagements Recently Announced

Mrs. Isobel Sowerby, widow of Mr. R. T. R. Sowerby, of Lilley Manor, Luton, is to marry the Earl of Radnor. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. Oakley, of Lawrence End, Luton. The marriage will take place shortly

The Hon. Mrs. Moyra Heyworth, widow of Lt.-Col. R. F. Heyworth and daughter of the late Lord Tweedmouth, is engaged to Capt. R. B. Freeman-Thomas, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, son of Major C. Freeman-Thomas, of Cockerton Hall, Darlington

horses, and everyone was trying to give them winners and ensure a successful day for them. The Duchess of Norfolk, giving boat-building, a miss for the day, was hatless, and as Way In defaulted as a runner for the Bridgewater Stakes, sent for Victory Torch at the last minute. However, her enterprise was doomed to failure, as, having led until half a furlong from home, he succumbed rather easily to the challenge of Lancewood, and in the result could only finish fourth. He may, however, have been short of a gallop, as his objective had until then been the Ascot Cambridgeshire.

Owners and Trainers

MRS. EVAN WILLIAMS was being congratulated by everybody on her recent purchase of Kingsclere, where nine Derby winners have been trained. She and her husband intend to train there after the war, so perhaps they will add more to the list. Lady Stavordale, who recently had the misfortune to be bitten on the face by one of her many dogs, but luckily shows scarcely any sign of the disaster, was looking very smart in a purple suit, and trying

hard to find winners. She is a very good judge of form and her opinion on a race is always worth having. Another erstwhile shrewd student of form, who goes racing all too rarely nowadays, was Mrs. "Jimmie" Rank, looking very cheerful in a gay red hat. She and her husband must have been disappointed with the running of Fair Aim, who, making a belated first appearance on a racecourse, was much tipped to win the last race. He could, however, only finish second to Bonny One, who had convincing back form, but he should improve on this running. Capt. and Mrs. John Bailward, who bred that good two-year-old Portamara, had walked from Wilton Station and brought Mrs. Hubert Tanner, who was staying with them. Mrs. Tanner used to be a first-flight with the Garth before the war, when she used to hunt the horses from the Army Remount Depot at Arborfield, which was then in the joint command of Major "Long 'Un" Tanner and Brig-Gen. C. C. Lucas. The Depot, like so many other pleasant things, has now, with the mechanisation of all artillery and cavalry units, sadly ceased to be.

(Concluded on page 24)



Captain J. B. L. Fitzwilliams and Miss Baldwin Married in London

Capt. John Burkinshaw Lloyd Fitzwilliams, Welsh Guards, and Miss Pamela Mia Beatrice Baldwin, only daughter of Air Marshal Sir John and Lady Baldwin, were married on September 24th. Miss Jennifer Brotherhood was the bridesmaid; Capt. Sir Rhys Llewellyn the best man, and the two small attendants were Christopher Binnie and Diana Hewitt



Swabe

Above is Major C. C. L. Fitzwilliams, of Greatford Hall, Stamford, Lincolnshire (the bridegroom's father), with Lady Baldwin (the bride's mother), and Air-Cdre. F. Beaumont. The wedding took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, the bride's father, formerly Deputy A.O.C.-in-C., R.A.F., India, was seconded for special duties last April

"Mr. Bolfry"

Mr. Bridie's Philosophical Dissertation on the Relationship of Good and Evil

● *Mr. Bolfry* was first produced at the Westminster, scheduled for a five-weeks' run. From the night of the first performance it was evident that another theatre would have to be found, so that the run could be prolonged, and finally Merlith Productions, Ltd., who present the play, were fortunate enough to get the Playhouse. It is there that *Mr. Bolfry* is now playing to full houses, with Walter Fitzgerald, Alfred Bass and Ronald Millar in the parts originally created by Raymond Lovell, Harry Ross and Ellis Irving respectively. Briefly, the play concerns the adventures of the minister of the Free Kirk Manse, Larach, in the West Highlands, when the Devil, disguised as a leader of the same church, enters his home, invoked by the incantations of the minister's niece and his two Cockney soldier billetees. Although the Devil's visit is an unpleasant affair, it succeeds in teaching Mr. McCrimmon that Good cannot exist without Evil, and that it is all too easy, even for the most righteous, to be too confident about too much



2. Mrs. McCrimmon: "The soldiers have to be out for their runnings and jumpings."

The minister's wife has no easy job keeping her husband happy with the disruption of two soldiers in the house and a sophisticated niece from London. (Sheila Brownrigg, Sophie Stewart)



3. Morag: "Dear me! Aren't you the awful man and a great danger to the neighbourhood?"

Life in the McCrimmon household has hardly qualified Morag, the maid, for dealings with Cockney soldiers, bored with life generally and on the look-out for mischief. (Dorothy Smith, Alfred Bass)



1. Cohen: "I'm sorry, I had to laugh. Think of him blowing out flames instead of beer. Battery, tails up!"

The two Cockney soldiers find a friend in the minister's niece. To Mr. McCrimmon, the partaking of tea on the Sabbath is the breaking of the Fourth Commandment. (Ronald Millar, Sheila Brownrigg, Alastair Sim, Alfred Bass)



4. Cully: "It'll have to be a Duke of the Infernal Regions. They are free from midnight until 4 a.m."

The two soldiers, with Jean, the niece, and Morag, the maid, decide in their boredom to invoke the powers of darkness. With the help of a book found on the library shelves, they start work on the parlour table



5. Morag: "It is unlucky to bring an open umbrella into the house"

There is a clap of thunder and the door-bell peals. The Devil (Walter Fitzgerald), in the guise of a top-hatted, respectably-clad minister of the Church of Scotland, stands awaiting admittance. His —black umbrella strikes terror in the heart of Morag



6. Mr. Bolfry: "We cannot conceive the universe except as a pattern of reciprocal opposites—can we, my love?" Poor Morag is terrified by the attentions of Mr. Bolfry, to whom courtesy demands Mr. McCrimmon should give shelter. Only the minister's wife, a domesticated soul with simple faith, is unperturbed



7. Mr. McCrimmon: "Where were you ordained?" Mr. Bolfry: "At Geneva in 1590" Mr. Bolfry can cite Scripture with godliness and gossip with friendliness. Mr. McCrimmon, suspecting the worst, still cannot trip up his unwelcome guest. The talk bristles with cross questions and crooked answers



8. Mr. McCrimmon: "If you are, as I think you are, the voice of my own heart speaking evil, I will tear you from my breast, if I die for it" In all the minister's long experience, he has never had to deal with the concentrated forces of evil such as Mr. Bolfry presents. He is determined to be rid of the man even at the cost of killing him and dying for his deed. Only violent action on the part of the two Cockneys restrains him



9. Mr. Bolfry: "You will have it, will you? Come along, then. Let's see you hunt the Devil over the moor" Mr. McCrimmon accepts the Devil's challenge. Still in his night-shirt, he follows Mr. Bolfry. Armed with a knife, he chases him to the sea. Mr. Bolfry disappears over the edge of the cliff

Photographs by
John Vickers



10. Mr. McCrimmon: "I have been too confident about too much" When he gets home, the minister needs a drink. The whisky bottle is practically empty, and he is almost persuaded that his adventures are nothing but the result of excessive drinking

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

GENERAL GIRAUD's notice to the Germans in Corsica that every Corsican civilian wearing a death's-head armlet is a soldier of the French Army and must not be summarily executed as a *franc-tireur* will remind many old Home Guard bashibazouks of those early days when the lawyers assured us that the L.D.V. armlet by itself was a military uniform all right, and recognised as such by the Geneva Convention.

What interested us was whether the enemy recognised it as well, it being just possible that the Boche, who has never been crazy about Genevan or any other conventions, might not have heard of this kindly legal assurance. There were points the military lawyers might clarify, we thought. For example, if your armlet dropped off the sleeve in action—as well it might—would the Boche give you time to find and pin or sew it neatly on again before the brief courtmartial? ("Look, Otto! Featherstitch!") And if they grabbed an armed non-combatant who swore you had stolen his armlet, what about that? We felt somehow that no great array of legal talent would be engaged by a German invading force to argue such nice points. We couldn't quite see piles of dusty calf-bound tomes and counsel quoting Rex. v. Annie Bathwick and Bolivian Steam Tramways. In short, our conviction was that that L.D.V. armlet would be about as useful as dandruff, and the ensuing issue of military overalls was more than popular.

Afterthought

PROPOS such matters, the only good Gandhi joke in existence, uttered in a New York revue, seems to have some

bearing on those L.D.V. days: "Need you, baby? I need you as Gandhi needs a safety-pin."

Chance

RECENT events in Corsica, incidentally, are money-for-old-rope to the B.B.C. boys. If the Shade of Napoleon is not heard shortly over the air, cheering on the French and uttering a lot of B.B.C. spooju, we shall be grieved and surprised.

Incomparably the most dramatic Napoleonic episode of course is the incident of that dictator's being put in his place by his prisoner, the frail and aged Pope Pius VII, who, after a fine exhibition of Imperial roaring and stamping and threats at Fontainebleau, murmured smilingly: "*Commediante! . . . Tragediante!*" The B.B.C. boys won't want this, we guess: they'll want the eagles and drum-rolls and trumpets and the sort of romantic stuff Rostand put into *L'Aiglon*. It's not difficult to write, and we can see page 1 of the script from here. E.g.:

(Music, "Marseillaise," "Sambre et Meuse.")

Portable gramophone in studio—SPOT)

(Fade down wind into opening dialogue)

NAPOLEON: Wagram! Austerlitz! Rivoli! Jena!

(Fade up drums—tell Eric not to be too vital).

NAPOLEON: Eylau! Marengo! Friedland! Leipzig!

(Fade down drums).

MIMI: Are you my Daddy?

Mimi is a dear little Corsican girl of to-day who knows nothing and thus gets the Emperor on to the self-explanatory stuff, on behalf of some 40,000,000 listening dumbos who think Corsica has something



MAURICE McLOUGH

"They say conditions are terrible in those bombers: unpolished buttons, dirty boots and no saluting"

to do with Marlborough or Hannibal or corsets or something. Napoleon briefly tells the infant cretin who and what he is and there we are, launched on the bosom of the turgid deep.

Job

A CHAP talking over the air about the stout work done by Army pioneers in the Mediterranean campaign reminded us of the Duke of Cambridge.

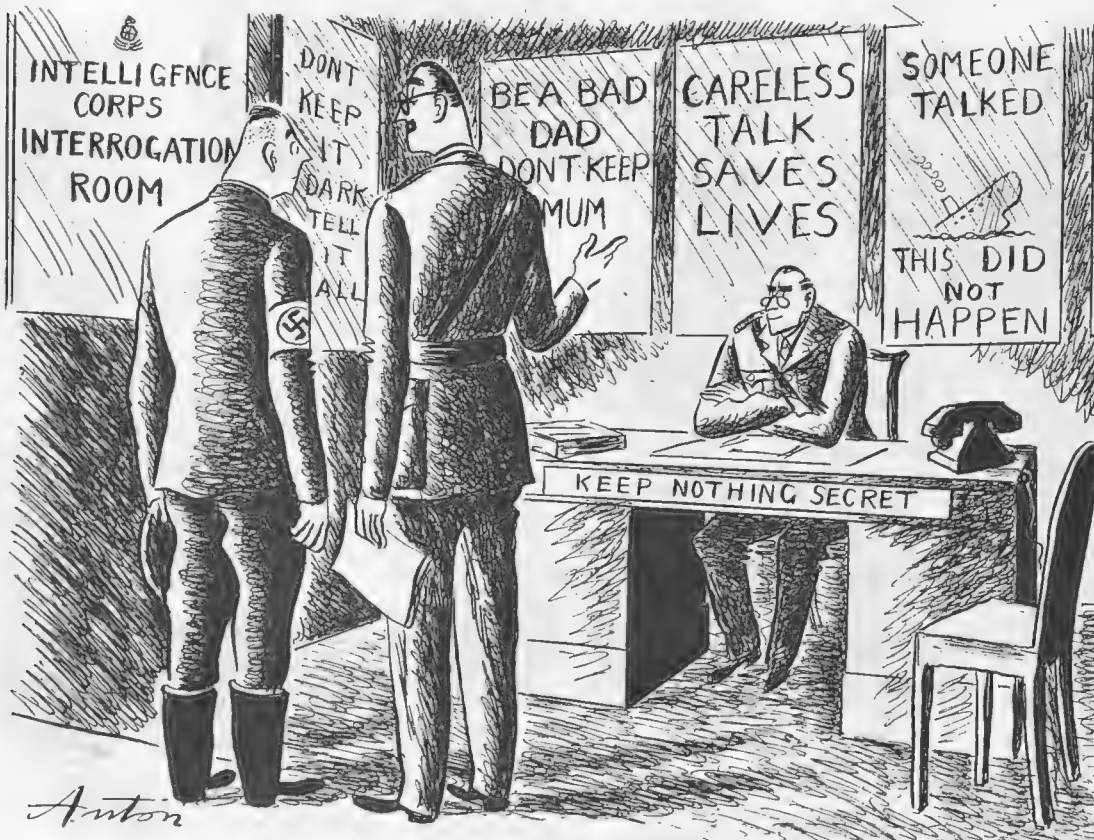
Many years ago H.R.H. was reviewing an infantry battalion at Aldershot one morning (if you've heard it we don't care, stand easy). After giving the troops a cursory once over from the front he said to the colonel: "Are your pioneers on parade?" "Yes, Sir," said the colonel, "ten paces to the rear, ten paces to the right of D Company." "Well," said the Duke, "get 'em up in front here and make 'em dig a damned great hole and bury your bloody battalion in it." Which was accordingly done.

We told this story once to a chap in the Guards who was rather frigid about it. He said "Damn it, Line battalions aren't as bad as all that, even in peacetime. Moreover," he said, "if a whole Line battalion was buried on parade by its own pioneers the sanitary people would have made a fuss. The whole story is damn nonsense," said this Guardee, warming up, "damn stupid, damn absurd, absolute rot, absolute piffle. Even if it was the — I wouldn't believe it." He mentioned a very worthy Line regiment from the Midlands.

Racket

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON is such a dim, mild little racket that it is odd to find citizens writing

(Concluded on page 14)



Anton



Gen. Mathenet, Chief of the French Military Mission in Britain, with Sir Joseph Addison



Air/Cdre. and Mrs. Buston and Capt. Cuthbert Orde

W/Cdr. Baird-Smith and Miss Vyvyan Bodley Married at Westminster Abbey



W/Cdr. and Mrs. Baird-Smith leaving St. Faith's Chapel after their marriage

Sir John Anderson, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave away his wife's niece, Miss Vyvyan Bodley, at her wedding to W/Cdr. Baird-Smith, D.F.C., at St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, and the small reception was held at Lady Anderson's house in Lord North Street. The guests included Sir Archibald Sinclair and Lord Sherwood



Sir Archibald Sinclair and Sir John Anderson, Chancellor of the Exchequer



Miss Anne Mackenzie and the Duke of Rutland at the wedding reception



Mr. Shane Leslie, the author and journalist, with Miss Irene Browne, the actress



Air Vice-Marshal Douglas Colyer, C.B., D.F.C., and Mrs. Colyer were two of the guests

Standing By ...

(Continued)

to the papers recently complaining of the "mediocrity" of the acting at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, which fits the rest of the business perfectly.

Our post-war plan for Stratford involves abandoning all that timid suburban exploitation of international saps in terms of picture-postcards, teashops, brass toasting-forks, art pottery, Shakespeare calendars, and the rest, and injecting a little vivid Renaissance zing into the racket. Specimen programme for the April ceremonies:

April 1: Noted archaeologist digs up authentic parchment proving that Shakespeare was the son of Bloody Queen Bess and the astrologer Nostradamus.

April 5: Opening of Stratford Municipal Casino, preceded by the Mayor's review of the Corporation's armed bravoes, thugs, and assassins.

April 10: Opening of fifty private poker-dens, baccarat-hells, bagnios, and bowing-kens, municipally controlled.

April 15: Noted archaeologist digs up authentic document proving that Shakespeare murdered Drake in the gents' cloakroom of the Mermaid Tavern.

April 20: Formal unveiling by the Mayor of the town rack and strappado-frame in the High Street.

April 21: Torchlight assassination under the windows of the Shakespeare Hotel.

April 23 (Shakespeare's Birthday): Procession of All the Nations, as now, diversified by the seizing of several leading Stratford cuckolds and throwing them into the Avon.

April 24: Arrest of the Mayor on poisoning charge. Faction-fighting in streets. Public torture of several thugs, Aldermen, etc.

April 25: Bear-garden opens.

Footnote

JUST a little normal cross-section of the Renaissance scene, you observe, and it's our belief that the saps, thrilled, would

rally from the Middle West and China and Tierra del Fuego as they have never rallied before. Moreover before they left Stratford the municipal thugs would look after them and Stratford would become a very rich town indeed. *Allez-y, cocos*, as Mistinguett said to the Goat Club.

Glass

WHETHER the monocle, which may now be worn by all ranks in the Services certified to possess one (1) dud eye, will thereby lose its peculiar symbolism in these islands we rather doubt. It's very often not an article of apparel but a state of mind, as spats and the lorgnette (or Dowagers' Bren) used to be.

The monocle has certainly done a lot for Empire (barring Canada and Australia, where they are extremely rude about it), and maybe Queen Victoria should have handed a monocle to that Savage Chief as "the secret of England's greatness," instead of a copy of the Authorised Version. What we've been trying to decide is why the populace (who would often find it coming cheaper than double eyeglasses) fight shy of it with nervous mockery. Our conclusion is that they fear the monocle because it gives the Island Pan a devilish look—cold, stony, cruel, sneering, like a foreigner's.

This does not apply to (e.g.) Commdr. C. B. Fry, athlete, scholar, humanist, and Primate of English Cricket; yet even the Fry monocle, when in action, seems to us



"I do hope dear General Montgomery is all right, Hereward; I haven't seen a picture of him anywhere for two whole days now"

to lend those benign archiepiscopal features a Renaissance air, as of some dark aquiline Medici prelate-diplomat, a bosom chum of Machiavelli, full of cool Italian policy, finesse, subtlety, brooding cynicism, and utter indifference to M.C.C. laws. This influence maybe explains also how mild colonels can turn overnight into demonic brigadiers whose lightest glance destroys all life for miles around. They visit their oculists on the eve of gazetting.

Butterfly

THE equivalent of the Black Spot served on Long John Silver by the mutineers of the *Hispaniola* has been lately served, Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy says, on Sacha Guitry—namely a tasty little miniature coffin sent by post, bearing his name on it, with a little noose inside and a polite "*A bientôt!*" or "See you later," from the French underground movement. Though he is not the only Parisian star on the black list—Mistinguett, Carpentier, Danielle Darrieux, and Schiaparelli, idol of Mayfair, are also on it—we guess Guitry is not easy in his brilliant mind as he drives round Paris in his bullet-proof Mercedes. Who the devil was to know in 1940, he may be asking himself blankly, that to chum up with the Boche Staff at Maxim's was to back the wrong horse so obviously? We're a little grieved about Sacha Guitry, if not surprised (he was an *embusqué*, or dirt-dodger, in World War I). A chap who can give the civilised world so much laughter oughtn't to behave like that.

What to do with these blacklisted stage and film and other richly-tinted butterflies will be a problem for the French when the time comes, for it's impossible to treat them as grownups. Maybe one final terrific emotional performance in the dock, followed by a gentle flick into total oblivion, is the only way? That won't actually end any dramatic career, of course. Do you know the world's shortest fairy-tale? "There was once a retired actress."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Something like this, Sir—only bigger..."



Harlip

Miss Rosemary Beckwith-Smith is a hard-working member of the V.A.D. She is the eldest daughter of the late Major-General M. Beckwith-Smith, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Beckwith-Smith, and is related to the Marquess of Abergavenny



Harlip

Miss Margaret Maude is a Section Officer in the W.A.A.F. She is the daughter of G/Capt. and Mrs. C. E. Maude, and her father is with the R.A.F. delegation in Washington



Miss Mary Freeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Freeman, of Avonbrook, Sutton, Surrey, is a Section Officer, and was a member of the first contingent of the W.A.A.F. administrative officers to serve in the Middle East

Women in the War



FLT. CAPT. WINIFRED CROSSLEY, R.A.F.

Mrs. Winifred Crossley (drawn by Olive Snell) is a Flight Captain and one of the original members of the A.T.A. She has been flying for ten years. A private owner before the war, she later became a stunt pilot for C. W. A. Scott's Air Display, and in her spare time represented Bedfordshire at lawn tennis. She is engaged to Capt. Peter Fair, of British Airways



Harlip

Lady Cecilia Fitzroy, youngest daughter of the eighth Duke of Grafton and of Susanna Duchess of Grafton, has been doing war work in Scotland since she was seventeen, and is now a member of the W.A.A.F.



Tunbridge-Sedgwick
Mrs. Michael Stewart and Carolyn Mary
 The wife and daughter of Capt. Michael Stewart, Welsh Guards, were photographed at the home of Mrs. Stewart's father, Mr. Spencer Thornton. The Stewarts were married in 1941, and Carolyn Mary was born last year. Mrs. Stewart has a twin sister, Mrs. Ronald Wallace

Happy Families



Compton Collier

Lady Anne Southby and Richard

In 1939 Lady Anne Hope, elder daughter of the Marquis of Linlithgow, married Lt. Patrick Southby, R.N., younger son of Sir Archibald Southby, Bt. She is seen here with her two-year-old son, Richard, at Burford Priory, Oxfordshire, home of her father-in-law



Bassano

Major and Mrs. David Dixon and Tessa

Major David Dixon and his wife and daughter are seen in the garden of their home at Sunninghill, Berks. Major Dixon is in the Grenadier Guards, and married Miss Jean Mowat, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Mowat. The Dixons also have a baby son, Julian



Swaeb

Mrs. Dennis Russell and Her Family

Mrs. Russell is the wife of Major Dennis Russell, and was before her marriage Miss Verena Henderson. She was photographed with her sons, Tony and David, and her daughter, Sarah, at "The Orchards," Crastock, near Woking, home of her father, Mr. George Henderson, where they are living at present



Compton Collier

Mrs. George Maxwell and Her Children

The wife of Capt. George Maxwell, Grenadier Guards, was before her marriage Miss Peggy Bishop, daughter of Col. H. C. Bishop and of Mrs. Savory. Her husband is the only son of Admiral Sir Wellwood and Lady Maxwell, at whose home this picture was taken. Her daughters are called Mary Elizabeth and Susan



Compton Collier

Mrs. Frederick Stephens with Julia and Charles

While Col. Frederick Stephens, D.S.O., is serving abroad with the Rifle Brigade, his wife and children, Julia and Charles, are living at Field House, Burford, Oxon. Col. Stephens is Gen. Sir Reginald Stephen's only son, and his wife is the daughter of the late Col. Mackenzie Churchill and Mrs. Churchill, of Poulton, Gloucestershire



Hills Saunders, Eton

Mrs. Howard-Stepney with Amanda and the Twins

Mrs. Stafford Howard-Stepney is the wife of Capt. Stafford Vaughan S. Howard-Stepney, Coldstream Guards, and was formerly Miss Gracia Neville. She has three children, Amanda, who is nearly two, and the twins, Neville and Arianwen, aged nine months



Swaebe

Major and Mrs. John Hamilton and Their Family

John D'Henin Hamilton and his wife were photographed with their children, James and Archibald, at their house near Worplesdon. Major Hamilton, who is Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, is in the Coldstream Guards, and married in 1935 the daughter of Major the Hon. John Spencer Coke, who is Equerry to Queen Mary



Compton Collier

Lady Starkey with Caroline and John

Seen in the garden at Norwood Park, Nottinghamshire, is Lady Starkey, wife of Lt.-Col. Sir William Randle Starkey, Bt., with her children, Caroline and John. She was formerly Miss Irene Myrtle Francklin, daughter of the late Capt. Philip Francklin, M.V.O., R.N., and was married in 1935



John Vickers

Hermione Gingold: a Star in Many Spheres

The artistry of Hermione Gingold, now playing in *Sweet and Low* at the Ambassadors, is by no means restricted to the theatre. She is a gifted pianist, a well-known writer of lyrics and short stories, a playwright and a knowledgeable collector of china and first editions. She has just finished work on *No Greater Love*, a serious play centring round the Nazi occupation of the Channel Islands, which is being considered for early production in the West End. Her current enthusiasm is the book she is writing with artist James Bowling, of the U.S. Army forces over here. It is to be called *The World is Square*, a tale of the progress (?) of civilisation from the good old days, when the family thought nothing of sitting down to a nice little roast ox for supper, up to to-day when such a morsel is all too sadly replaced by the more gentile, but less satisfying, dish of spam. It is interesting to recall that it was in *The Tatler* that Hermione Gingold's first short story—*Caprice*, described as a tragedy—was published

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

S.O.S.

THE obviously necessary aspirate is purposely omitted, puns being such bad form! The Foreign Secretary has at last given us the full and particular details about what the person Hess said he had come to England for—to offer us a means of salvation from certain destruction. Hess also said that he had slipped away from Germany without the knowledge of his master. Hess was palpably and stupidly lying. What was the point of his ultimatum if his Boss were not behind it? Why did he come a few days before Hitler wanted to have a smack at his "friend and ally," Russia? It was important that Hitler should have one door shut before he had opened another, especially so because the R.A.F. had won the Battle of Britain. He had to crack the Caucasus crib. Hence Hess, with what was *not* an ultimatum, but an S.O.S.

Elinor Glyn

IT is impossible not to feel that something of elegance has departed from us. Elinor Glyn's attractive personality trickled through the point of her pen on to the paper upon which she wrote, and in anyone with whom that can happen, we who read suffer a great loss when they are taken away from us. All those who have written of Elinor Glyn's work have claimed that *Three Weeks* was her best book. I never could understand why this story of the adventures of an over-sexed youth was extolled. *Elizabeth*, *Ambrosine* and *Evangeline* were miles ahead of it, and so were the male opposite numbers of these fascinating ladies. The men were the antithesis of Ouida's appalling Guardsmen, John Strange Winter's cock-eyed cavalry soldiers, and most especially of Kipling's unspeakable "By Gadsby." Elizabeth and Company's young men were entirely sans gêne, which, I think, we might translate somewhat freely as devoid of cheap swank. She never could have written *The Adventures of Armadilla Hardbake*. Elinor Glyn's creations moved with grace, and they added charm to a language which some people seem to be so anxious to debase.

The Late Lord Bathurst

IN every obituary of someone whose death is a great loss not only to the West Country, one thing has been stressed, and one only—Lord Bathurst's deep knowledge of fox-hunting and hound-breeding, thereby suggesting that he was quite deficient in any other kind of knowledge. This suggestion is so very wide of the mark that it cannot be too strongly refuted. It is true that when he and his brother Lancelot were up at The House, the master of that stately college wrote to their father and suggested that it might be a good thing if they could find a more convenient hunting-box than Christ Church, an occurrence which argued that neither of them was exactly reading men, but the late Earl was far from being what the lovely Miss De Glancy (see "Ask Mama") called "a mere fox-hunter," a kind of glorified Tony Lumpkin. Lord Bathurst may not have been bookish, but he was none the less widely read, with an embracing knowledge of many things. One of them was that best of all "books," humanity; another was agriculture, and yet another genetics. The latter he brought into play in breeding his famous Vale of White Horse pack of hounds. Very shortly put, his theory was that you could depend upon good results if you bred back on parallel lines to a tap-root of proven excellence. Let us put it like this: suppose you could find a sire who traced back to Cœur de Lion, or, say, John o' Gaunt, and a mama who did the same thing on parallel lines, you would have a right to expect progeny of high courage. Contrariwise, if you picked a papa and mama who did the same thing to Johann Georg Heidler, you would deserve all you had asked for if you got a Rudolf Schicklgruber, nowadays better known as Adolf Hitler. It works out this way in human beings, and it has done the same with foxhounds. Lord Bathurst's favourite hound, Trouncer (1923), had twenty-seven lines back to Quorn Alfred, and sixty to Lord Coventry's Rambler. Most M.F.H.s will understand the significance of these facts.

Almost all Lord Bathurst's hounds were bred on a similar system and the result was a beautifully level lot.



—D. R. Stuart

In Scotland

Capt. J. A. Revie, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Major G. E. Lennox-Boyd, H.L.I., and Major M. Yuile, R.S.F., are officers of an Infantry Training depot in Scotland. The dog, Fred Fanacerpan, was christened by Gracie Fields

Genetics

LORD BATHURST was able to pursue his favourite study very easily in the breeding of foxhounds, because with them you can get your results with comparative speed, and can see your theories proved right or wrong long before you could where human beings are concerned. You do not have to wait nineteen or twenty years before you find out whether a foxhound is a babbler, a skirter or one of those quite useless brutes who run mute and keep their knowledge to themselves. Of course, you cannot draft human beings in the same way as you can hounds and send all the dumb-headed, the bad-tempered and the sea-lawyers on to your best friend, but he would be rather a bold man who would say that we should not get a super "pack of hounds" if we were allowed to do this. Where blood-horses are concerned, a leading case may be cited in proof of Lord Bathurst's theory. The late King, Edward VII.'s Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee and Florizel II. were all three sons of

(Concluded on page 20)



D. R. Stuart



R.A.F. Mascots and Their Masters

G/Capt. R. G. Lywood, R.A.F., has an unusual sort of pet, a tame polecat called Quiz, who follows him about the station and begs like a dog when occasion arises

W/Cdr. B. R. O'B. Hoare, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, who has a less original pet, was one of the pioneers of night intruding over enemy airfields. He has returned to operational flying after twelve months training of new crews



The R.A.F. Learns Something from the W.A.A.F.

A famous woman golfer now a Flight Officer in the W.A.A.F., Miss Pam Barton teaches R.A.F. pilots a thing or two about golf at the aerodrome where she is stationed. Above, an attentive audience look on while a lesson is in progress

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

St. Simon and Perdita II. Both sire and dam traced back on parallel lines to a common ancestor, Blacklock, who gave us Voltaire, Voltigeur, Vedette, Galopin. This case supports Lord Bathurst's theory up to the hilt. It must not be thought that he believed in in-breeding, because he did not, and was at pains to see that there was nothing closer up than four generations back. I have selected the Persimmon, etc., case, not because it is singular, but because it is such a handy illustration. The only other modern Old Master in any way comparable to Lord Bathurst in scientific knowledge of genetics is Lord Lonsdale. In other respects they are dissimilar. Lord Bathurst was essentially a hound-man, and never a "Captain Crasher," but Surtees's hard-thrusting hero would at no time have got any change out of Lord Lonsdale, who would have taken him on at his own game and beaten him. Both M.F.H.s, however, had forgotten more than most people had ever known about genetics.

Headaches for the Handicapper

IT is probable that no one has ever envied the Official Handicapper his job, and I



D. R. Stuart

Two Rugby Players

Neville Compton is captain of the Wasps Rugby team, and F/Lt. J. Parsons, the former Cambridge stand-off half, now plays for the R.A.F. He is working at the Air Ministry



Poole, Dublin

Irish Racegoers

Capt. and Mrs. Luke Lillingston had just backed a winner at Phoenix Park. He was a crack amateur rider and one-time Master of the Meath, and his wife was formerly the Countess of Harrington



"September Sales": by "The Tout"

Hyperion stock was in strong demand at the recent September Sales at Newmarket. For his Silver Birch filly by Hyperion, Mr. Ernest Bellaney, who is a director of the National Stud, got 7100 guineas, the purchaser being Frank Butters on behalf of the Aga-Ali Khan partnership. Major L. B. Holliday, who trains with "Bob" Colling at Newmarket, gave 6100 guineas for the Blue Peter-Rosegain filly, a granddaughter of the Oaks winner, Rose of England. Mr. Vic Oliver paid a flying visit to the Sales, and may have got a bargain in the Emerald Isle filly by Sir Cosmo, which he bought for 120 guineas. Mr. C. C. ("Tiny") Edmunds is Lord Rosebery's agent at Mentmore, which explains his presence at the Sales, where Blue Peter yearlings were again keenly bid for. Ex-jockey Cecil Ray now trains at Malton, and captures prizes in the North

know, at any rate, of one man who would never seek to deprive him of it; yet weighing up the chances does possess a fascination all its own, provided always that you are not liable to be publicly indicted for having done the sums wrong. I feel that the Free Handicap of this season's two-year-olds may be going to give even the very astute Mr. Fawcett a headache. And here is just one of the reasons why I think so: in the Coventry Stakes (5 furlongs, June 19), Orestes beat Happy Landing a head, which, both being all-out, made them practically one and the same thing; His Excellency was a moderate third, 3 lengths away. Only July 24th His Excellency, getting 5 lb., rubbed Gustator clean out, proving, as I thought, that he could have done the same thing at level weights, or even giving a pound or two. In a 5-furlong race at Salisbury (April 17th), Orestes made a seaside donkey of Gustator. Now here comes the headache: On September 17th Gustator beats Happy Landing a head, and himself finished only half a length behind the Lady Maderty filly, who was only getting the 3 lb. sex allowance. Gustator and Happy Landing were at level weights. If we accept the facts that on the Coventry Stakes running Happy Landing is the same thing as Orestes, how would you now handicap Orestes and Gustator, bearing in mind that Orestes cantered away from him by 6 lengths in that 5-furlong Manton Stakes on April 17th? If Happy Landing is as good as Orestes, and Gustator is, say, a pound better than Happy Landing (as he must be), how about it? I think that we are entitled to have a pretty good opinion of Lady Maderty filly, quite apart from this very nice win in the race in which she beat Gustator and Happy Landing. And here is the reason why I say so: On June 14th at Ascot, carrying 9.3 and giving 5 lb., she was only beaten half a length by Tudor Maid, by no means a bad one. I have just picked out the foregoing as one of Mr. Fawcett's headaches, but there are plenty more. How, for instance, would you handicap Lady Maderty filly and Fair Fame, in view of the fact that the former has beaten two colts which cannot be much behind Orestes? There is always this to be remembered where two-year-old form is concerned, namely, that usually it is quite honest, unless there is reason to suspect an inherited temperament or rugery.

"All Art Aspires Towards Music"

Here and There on the
Music Front



Sir Adrian Boult



Miss Eileen Joyce and Mr. Constant Lambert



Mr. Clarence Raybould

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra

More than ten thousand R.A.F. personnel attended the Musical Festival in Wales, given by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at its full strength of ninety-three players. The conductors were Sir Adrian Boult, John Barbirolli, Constant Lambert and Clarence Raybould, and the soloists included Solomon, Louis Kentner, Henry Holst, Maggie Teyte and Eileen Joyce. Many popular masterpieces, such as Beethoven's Fifth and Seventh Symphonies and the Emperor Concerto, were played, as well as the Greig, Schumann and Rachmaninoff Second Concerto, a new work by Constant Lambert, William Walton's Symphony and Delius's "Song of Summer"



Mr. Ivor Newton with His Musical Dachshund

During the London blitz, Ivor Newton, the famous pianist, offered his services to C.E.M.A. He joined the flying squad of artists who played nightly in air-raid shelters and rest centres. He is now playing to the Forces, and in shipyards and munition factories. He has toured the world as a solo-pianist and been associated as accompanist with many of the greatest instrumentalists and singers



The Stanford Robinsons at Home

Mr. Stanford Robinson, Director of the B.B.C. Music Productions and Conductor of the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra, was photographed with his wife at their charming country cottage. Mrs. Robinson is well known on the concert platform and radio as Lorely Dyer. Stanford Robinson has been with the B.B.C. since 1924

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Days That Are No More

WERE people, at one time, happier than they are to-day? In the last generation or so has some secret of life been lost? Discounting the differences between war and peace, are we of to-day on less instinctively good terms with the world around us than our forebears were? And, if so, is that the world's fault, or our own? Family life, friendship, marriage—are these less rich in security, in grace, in their power to satisfy restless human nature, than they used to be? Have homes, countrysides and beloved places lost something of the magic they used to wield?

Or, did that magic always exist only in memory? There is no doubt that memory idealises, that nostalgia for what time has taken away paints faces, seasons and places *couleur de rose*. The dead, if they have ever been loved at all, live on for us only in their most kindly aspects. In the summers of sufficiently long ago it appears to us that the sun always shone. Perhaps *our* to-day will also make for the future a golden past. Perhaps there is nothing wrong (with the vast exception of war) with to-day, except that it is to-day.

Let us, at least, believe this: it is at least more comforting than the other theory. The people in the past had nothing that we have not. Having, however, arrived at this point of view, it is again disturbing to read Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's *Where Love and Friendship Dwelt* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.). This is the sequel to her delightful *I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia*, which, as you will remember, dealt with the lives of her grandparents and her parents, and with her own early childhood at La Celle Saint Cloud. This second book begins where the first left off. The grandmother, Madame Swanton Belloc, is dead; her son Louis (the authoress's father) is dead also, and the young girl Marie, now aged seventeen, returns with her widowed mother to spend a summer at the La Celle house—now very silent, but teeming with memories.

Actually, this return (from what, to Marie, has been exile in a southern county of England) no more than gives the story its frame, for we move backwards from it, into the past again, and are made to feel the still-living beauty and energy of those who are lying, this summer, in La Celle's little cemetery. Loving legend, among the Bellocs, had a strong power, so that, virtually, no one who had died was dead. Only what was discordant had evaporated. For instance, since Marie Belloc's childhood, and since the idyllic period of her mother's friendship with her mother-in-law, had come the dire 1871: the Franco-Prussian war. La Celle had been occupied by the Prussians; the home on the French hillside had first been polluted ruthlessly, then afterwards stripped of its lovely story-surrounded things. But though this had happened only nine years before the summer described, the spirit

of La Celle has reasserted itself. Violence, then desertion, seem to have left no mark. Order has been restored: the white roses bloom all over the balcony; the windows frame those serene remembered views.

Happy Element

"WHERE LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP DWELT" is well-named. Madame Swanton Belloc, her friends, her children and their children, seem to have lived and moved in a happy element. They enjoyed what they had perhaps in part created—a world of their own, of leisure, kindness and dignity. The leisure had not been bought by money; it was perhaps, more truly, an affair of everyone having time, or being able to make time, for what was worth while. In such an element, such an atmosphere, human relationships grew to all their possible beauty, like plants in the right air. This was French family life without any undue rigidity, ventilated by love of beauty, by interest in ideas. Though Marie's grandfather, Hilaire Belloc, had been a painter, his wife, Madame Swanton Belloc, a writer, their daughter, Lily, again a painter, and their English daughter-in-law an "advanced" woman, there was not a touch of Bohemianism at La Celle. Any unhappy emotion in the group seems to have come from, or been due to, Madame Swanton Belloc's ever-present and over-possessive friend, Mademoiselle de Montgolfier, whose devotion to the entire Belloc family took awkward forms and could rise to a morbid pitch.

Happily, Mademoiselle de Montgolfier had only lived with the family in summer—La Celle Saint Cloud, an hour's journey from Paris,



Viscountess Rhondda, Editor

Viscountess Rhondda, the editor of "Time and Tide," and Chairman of "Time and Tide" Publishing Co., is here seen at work in her office. She has published several books, including a biography of her father, the late Viscount Rhondda, whom she succeeded in 1918

was always primarily a summer home. It says much for Madame Swanton Belloc's personality that she could keep her vehement friend in check, and keep at least outward peace between her and her own growing-up daughters. And it says much for the Belloc family life that Mademoiselle de Montgolfier did not make this impossible. She was, at the same time, selfless; and evidently her feelings were profound. She never recovered from the early death of her godson, who was Marie's father. In the same sense, Marie's English mother never recovered from the death of her mother-in-law: their friendship had intensified since Louis Belloc's death.

Yes, one can see that the inverse of this idyllic intimate happiness at La Celle was a suffering, after losses, which seemed incurable. Perhaps, these days, we economise feeling more: we hardly dare to possess what we prize too highly. We deliberately seek a lower emotional pitch.

Scenes and Characters

"WHERE LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP DWELT" is more than a study of the atmosphere of a particular past: it contains delicious descriptions of French life in the eighteen-eighties and 'nineties (those picnics in the woods above the Seine, those Sunday afternoon dances for the neighbouring young girls, and St. Cyr cadets, at the Château), remarkable portraits (such as that of Paul Déroulède), studies of French literary figures (as seen by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes when she, later, returned to Paris as a young woman journalist), and—I think, most

(Concluded on page 24)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I HAVE just been celebrating. No, not the recent Italian capitulation. A bottle of stout did for that! And there is nothing "celebrating" in a bottle of stout—unless you have been a teetotaler from birth. I have been celebrating my first false tooth! After all, I said to myself, a mother drinks to the health of her first child; married people remember anniversaries; engaged couples are always being made the excuse for a corkscrew; so why should I not celebrate the arrival of my first false tooth? Had I not suffered in mind, if not in body, for weeks since a crust of Standard bread proved to be a front-tooth's Waterloo? Had I not sat for three minutes—which seemed like three years, since Time, we are told, is relative!—with my mouth full of pink putty flavoured with saltpetre? Had I not refused to see the least joke for weeks and gone about as if life were too earnest to smile at, even when tickled? Do I not at this very moment face a bill which will for ever afterwards make my purse look poverty-stricken? Shall I not feel henceforward as if I had left my mouth in some cloak-room and got somebody else's in poor exchange? Will I ever be able to reconcile what I will call the Decaying Aristocracy with this nouveau riche who refuses to dine off anything but gold plate and makes everything taste like nothing? Shall I ever again find that inner glow which came from being informed that I am made in the Divine Image, when that Image has so everlastingly to be kept in repair?

Yea, even though from last Saturday henceforward I am ready to smile broadly even when there isn't a joke, I am only comforting myself forlornly by that faith, which tells us that, given time, one can get resigned to anything—even bunions. So, to increase that faith, even for a little while, I have been celebrating. I paid for a bottle of poor wine through a couple of noses and drank to another milestone on the road of life—which, incidentally, still feels like a milestone, more rather than less, but not in a place where a milestone should properly be.

I live at present awaiting that resignation which in itself constitutes a philosophy. A philosophy, moreover, which seems to belong to life itself, but which few can accept philosophically—and maddens most of us! One gets so tired at times of having to feel thankful for the second-best and being told to appreciate as a blessing the second-rate. Nevertheless, one does become resigned at last. May come the dawn, therefore, when I shall grow to appreciate my first false tooth by contemplating the agony which others must endure with a complete set, top and bottom. I shall bolster up my mental optimism on their envy—as we so often are glad to do. Nevertheless, we shall meet in complete brotherly understanding, akin to love, when, alone at last in our respective bedrooms, we happily cast aside the teeth-of-the-day and blot out by darkness that ghastly "smile" which greets our astonished gaze from the dressing-table or the tumbler.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Swayne — Nash

Lt. Keith S. P. Swayne, R.N.V.R., younger son of the late A. D. C. Swayne and Mrs. Swayne, of Hove, Sussex, married Nance Allan Nash, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Nash, of Ewell, Surrey, at St. Paul's Nork, Banstead



MacAndrew — Steel

Capt. Colin Nevil Glen MacAndrew, Ayrshire Yeomanry, elder son of Sir Charles MacAndrew, M.P., of Newfield, Kilmarnock, married Ursula Beatrice Steel, younger daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. Steel, of Kirkwood, Lockerbie, at St. John's Church, Dumfries



de Malliard — Myburgh

Robert Honnorat de Malliard, Fighting French Forces, and Diane Myburgh, daughter of Brig. P. S. Myburgh, D.S.O., and of the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Johnstone, of 8, College Street, Winchester, were married at St. Peter's, Winchester



Watson — Falloon

John Garth Watson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. St. C. Watson, of Penfold House, Hendon, and Barbara Elizabeth Falloon, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Falloon, of Moore Park, Northwood, were married at Holy Trinity, Northwood



Eager — Roberts

F/Lt. Kenneth Richard Wilson Eager, A.F.C., R.A.F.V.R., only son of Dr. and Mrs. R. Eager, of Countess Weir, Exeter, married Barbara Roberts, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Roberts, of Baring Crescent, Exeter, at St. Michael's, Heavitree, Exeter



Musters — Garbett

Pay-Lt. John Vivian Auchmuty Musters, R.N., eldest son of Capt. and Mrs. J. D. A. Musters, and Anne Rosemary Garbett, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. L. G. Garbett, of Winchester, Hants., were married at Winchester Cathedral by the Archbishop of York



Clift — Leech

Paul E. Clift, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Clift, of The Orchards, Wittersham, near Tenterden, Kent, married Betty Leech, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Leech, of Oakmore, Hale, Cheshire, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Douglas-Morris — Dinham

Lt. (E.) Kenneth John Douglas-Morris, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. D. E. M. Douglas-Morris, of Tykeford Abbey, Newport Pagnell, Bucks., married Peggy Doreen Dinham, daughter of Mr. G. A. Dinham and the late Mrs. Dinham, of Hampstead, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Scott — Neill

Major Arthur Basil Scott, younger son of the late Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, of Sheffield, and Joyce Neill, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Neill, of Endcliffe Hall Avenue, Sheffield, were married at Ranmoor Church, Sheffield

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 9)

More Racing News

IN default of her presence, the Hon. Dorothy Paget was represented by Miss Ruth Charlton, who has great gifts as a mimic, and must by now be one of the most knowledgeable women racegoers. She is in the W.A.A.F., but devotes her days off to Miss Paget's racing affairs. Lady Essex brought the judge with her in her smart little pony-trap. They were somewhat delayed by her Golden Labrador puppy, who insisted on following them, but they managed to elude him and arrived in time. Others seen were W/Cdr. and Mrs. Laye, who must have been much relieved when the objection to Young Stratford, which W/Cdr. Laye trains for Mrs. Ellis, was overruled; Capt. and Mrs. David Ormsby-Gore; Mrs. Martin, who was having a sandwich with Jack Anthony; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Young, whose lovely place, Danebury, has been taken over for the duration; Major John Alexander, who was taking a bit of leave to go over to the Bloodstock Sales at Ballsbridge; Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke; Mrs. Hamilton; the Hon. Robert Cecil, whose arm, injured on manoeuvres, is taking so long to mend; Lord Sefton; Sir William Cooke; Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, another of the hatless brigade; Lord Porchester; and General Turner, who manages Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan's stud and was delighted with the performance of Tudor Maid, whom he considers a better-looking animal than was her brother, the Derby winner, Owen Tudor, at the same age.

Fair Fame's young owner, Mrs. Lavington, who is becoming a very popular figure on the racecourse, was present in the hope of seeing Liquidamber, whom she bought from Mrs. Lorne, formerly Lady Chesham, win the Fleet Handicap, but this race was won by Mrs. Charles Gordon's good horse, Advocate. Mrs. Michael Gordon-Watson was the only member of the family present to watch his success, and arrived in A.T.S. uniform only just in time to see the race.

Discussion focused on the suggested additional meetings to be held in aid of the Red Cross. It was generally felt that in view of the great benefit to our wounded men and prisoners of war, permission to hold them will be granted if the suggestion is put to the proper authorities. The opportunity of holding them now, when the horses are fit and the courses in proper order, may not occur again.

Visitor from New Zealand

LADY NEWALL, the Bostonian wife of the Governor-General of New Zealand, has arrived in England with her son, Francis, who is going to Eton. He is nearly fourteen now and had he remained in New Zealand longer, he would have missed his entry. They had a most wonderful trip over; the weather was excellent and there was no "excitement." While in England, Lady Newall is going to visit a number of our canteens and centres of Women's Service so that she can give the women in New Zealand some first-hand facts of how we are managing to cope with wartime problems. She is staying with friends, as her own home in Surrey is let and the flat which she and her husband had in St. James's has been badly damaged. Sir Cyril and Lady Newall have two daughters, Georgina, who is seventeen, and Diana, sixteen. They have remained in New Zealand, and during her mother's absence Georgina will be acting as hostess at Government House, Wellington, and generally helping her father.



An M.P. Auctions His Donkey

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Rank (on extreme right) opened the East Surrey Agricultural Farmers' Red Cross Fête and Sale, held on the Priory cricket ground, Reigate. Also on the platform is Mr. Gordon Touche, M.P. The auctioneer is Mr. Nigel Coleman, M.P., and the donkey, in process of being sold, was one of his gifts to the sale

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

interesting of all—an account of France in the aftermath of the Franco-Prussian War. Did France, in those years, burn to avenge her wrongs? Apparently not. Against Germany, and the threat she would always constitute, Paul Déroulède, founder and head of the *Ligue des Patriotes*, raised his voice, in the high places, alone.

This poet-patriot, his mother and sister in their retired home, Georges Fontanel, who backed by family so circumspectly courted, throughout that summer, the young Marie Belloc, Lily Ballot (Marie's aunt), who received, on what should have been their silver wedding day, the posthumous gift of a bracelet from her dead husband, Marie's ascetic guardian, Anatole Dunoyer, and his hard-pressed family, and the elderly diplomat St. Hilaire, who was Napoleon's son—all these characters, as rendered by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, appeal directly to one's imagination. They had come to mean more to me, by the end of the book, than Edmond Goncourt, Alphonse Daudet, Anatole France, Zola and the other figures of literature painted in for us here. One feels, perhaps, that this second group, though so famous, belonged to the *exterior* part of the authoress's experience. The first, the personal friends, belong nearer her heart.

American Play

"THE EVE OF ST. MARK," by Maxwell Anderson (The Bodley Head; 5s.), is an American war play that reads superbly, and that I should very much like to see performed. It was, apparently, shown in London, but to the U.S. Forces only, on American Independence Day, 1943.

As a war play, to be played with the war at its present height, this strikes one as ambitious—but nobly so. One must realise that, if presented now, it would be played to audiences whose feelings already are on the stretch. In the theatre one is inclined to dread what goes near the bone: in the English theatre, both in this war and the last, there has been a great preponderance of "escape" plays. Realism on the stage (when the subject of the realism is war) is more to be dreaded, and therefore rarer, than realism between the covers of a book.

The Eve of St. Mark does go very near the bone. It deals—as, so far, only the post-war play has dared to do—with the damage done to ordinary life by war, with the strain put on the ordinary person's conscience, and with the anguish of renunciations. It poses—in simple, unheroic language—the ultimate problem of the fighting man. It has the dignity of a great tragedy; at the same time, it is relieved by a curious, semi-casual humour; and it is naturalistic throughout, without symbolism of any kind, though there are two supernatural scenes.

The young soldier Quizz West, his girl Janet, his farming family and his friends in the Army are all ordinary people. The scenes alternate between the Wests' home—Quizz's father and mother are there, their neighbours, his two younger brothers, and Janet lives next door—and first the barracks and the near-by town, then the Philippines—the cave on the island where Quizz and a handful of others are making their final stand. (One remembers, at this point, that grim book *They Were Expendable*.) The officers and the N.C.O.s have been killed: each of the men surviving must, therefore, come to his own decision—whether to abandon the post or not. Reason advises, and decency fully condones, retreat; they cannot hope, at this point, to save anything from the Japs.

Quizz longs to live, to return to his life at home, to claim Janet, from whom he was snatched before they had had time to fulfil their love. Yet, something tells him to make the hopeless stand. In a vision, born of this desperate crux in his will, he visits first his mother's bedside, then Janet's; he asks first one, then the other, to tell him what he should do. Both plead for life—the life to which he may in honour return. But neither woman can answer the man's conscience. At the climax Quizz has to take his own road alone.

Both as a study of humans in superhuman circumstances, and as a bit of theatre on a grand scale, *The Eve of St. Mark* seems to me very good. The domesticity of the home scenes (which is not overstressed and not sentimentalised) throws the austere war theme into relief. Quizz's fellow-soldiers—the Southerner Marion, Corporal Tate, the Irishman Mulveroy—are very much alive. The situations are built up without apparent effort, and the dialogue is the more moving for being light and quick.

Dirty Work in Bayswater

"RINGED WITH FIRE" is, you will agree, a fine sensational title for Alice Campbell's latest detective story, which is a Crime Club number, at 8s. 6d. Vermilion flames lick their way up the dust-cover. I own that I hoped I was going to read about people being cut off by a vast forest conflagration, though, of course, making out of it in the end. I was therefore a little troubled at finding myself in the apparent prosaicism of Bayswater, where, on a July Saturday, at the top of a rooming-house, a long-suffering landlady finds a corpse in her attic.

An attractive girl called Persis (not, as her boss feared, Peggy), with heather-coloured eyes, her boss himself and the types who inhabit this nest in Bayswater, all play parts in a mystery that unwinds well, if slowly. There are a number of German and Austrian refugees—whether or not these are sinister you must read on to know. From all evidence, this was summer of 1940—was Miss Campbell, therefore, correct in speaking of bomb-craters in London squares? . . . The explanation of everything turns out to be a vast and appalling plot: you will find, by the end, that the title is justified.



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A Page for Women by M. E. Brooke.



Here is a simple wedding frock of an inexpensive fancy llama. After it has fulfilled its primary mission it may be worn for dinner, cinémas and informal evening functions. Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge



Accessories for chilly days are of interest. On the left is a woolly cape for indoor wear. There are several designs and many colours. On the right is a neat and warm waistcoat seen in alliance with coat and scarf. Debenham and Freebody

ECONOMIES IN WARTIME



The simple, almost classic, lines of this dress are flattering to the figure. It is fashioned in a dark brown woolly fabric relieved with touches of a lighter shade. It is companioned with well-cut maternity frocks. Marshall and Snelgrove (Speciality Department)

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Stories from Everywhere

WHEN Houdini, the famous Man of Mystery, was buried, Charles Dillingham and Florenz Ziegfeld were among the pall-bearers. As they lifted the elaborate casket to their shoulders, Dillingham whispered to Ziegfeld in a sepulchral tone:—

"Suppose he isn't here!"

FROM *The Forum*, Johannesburg, comes the following:—

In the Boer War one of the most important British remount camps was at Stellbosch, which was also used as a place of punishment to which officers were sent who had been found guilty of some offence and degraded.

One such degraded officer, placed in charge of a mule section, had to report by wire to the Castle in Cape Town whenever any of his mules died. Such a report was generally followed by a request for more details, and a good deal of red-tape correspondence followed.

Two of the officer's mules died, and he reported the fact by telegraph. Came the inevitable request for further and minute details: "In pursuance of my minute of . . . and further to your notification of even date to the effect that . . . you are hereby instructed in terms of Regulation . . . as amended by Circular so and so, to furnish fuller details . . ."

To which the officer telegraphed this brief reply: "Mules still dead."

A NEW YORK lady went to a domestic servants' agency and landed what looked to her like an ideal maid. She described the household duties to her, adding: "In our house, it has always been a custom to have breakfast in bed."

"Is that so?" was the chilled reply. "Yours—or mine?"



"Do you think you'd be happy in the cookhouse?"

THE bricklayers had just begun the foundations at a new suburban housing estate, and a workman with a ladder on his shoulder, who happened to be passing, had stopped to watch.

One of the bricklayers looked up and noticed him. "Hurry up, mates," he called to his fellow workmen, "he's waiting to clean the windows!"

A CHARMING little old lady used to come to the news stand in front of the Opera in Vienna day by day and buy the latest edition of the *Voelkische Beobachter*. She hastily skimmed the first page, made a grimace, and tearing the paper to pieces, furiously threw them on the ground.

After watching her do this for months, the news vendor asked why she bought the paper if she never read it. The old lady told him that she was only interested in obituary notices.

"But they're all on the back page," said the news vendor.

"Those I want to read will be on the front page," she replied, and walked off snorting.

AN actress bought a completely "whacky" hat, a creation like a beehive with bees quivering over it on little wire wings. "Crazy," she reflected, "but probably no one else in town will dare wear it." That night in a fashionable restaurant, she was horrified to see another woman enter wearing The Hat.

"Two of us in that little room with the same hat!" the actress reported later. "I decided to make a joke of it; so I caught the girl's eye and smiled. I pointed to my hat and then to hers, and raised my cocktail glass in salute. She looked puzzled but raised her glass, too. When I left, I waved good-bye shaking my head to make the bees quiver, pointing again to my hat and hers.

"I've often wondered what she thought of me. For when I looked in the lobby mirror, the awful truth was—that night I wasn't wearing my bee hat at all!"

MERLE OBERON, the actress, visiting the wounded in a hospital, asked one soldier: "Did you kill a Nazi?" The soldier said he had.

"With which hand?" Miss Oberon asked. She decorated his right hand with a kiss.

Then she asked the next patient: "Did you kill a Nazi?"

"I sure did!" came the ready answer. "I bit 'im to death!"

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Guy Fawkes Fighting

FIREWORK frightfulness is the latest aerial fashion as I have ventured to point out already in another place. The rocket principle is the chief adaptation of fireworks to fighting and it is extraordinarily successful. The crucial point concerns the bringing together of two things which have hitherto been, as we used to say at school, equal and opposite, namely the penetration of a missile and the recoil of the gun. When armour came into general use in aircraft the need for giving greater penetration to the bullets or shells used arose. One way is to mount a bigger cannon with a higher muzzle velocity. But already the wretched aircraft is weighed down with cannon. When one looks at a Hurricane IID, for example, one tends to see more cannon than aircraft, and if muzzle velocities are to go up much more it will be a case of all cannon and no aircraft at all.

I believe that firing the guns of a Hurricane IID knocks about twenty miles an hour off the speed and the acceptance of the recoil tends to become a serious problem. Then enters the rocket which makes the shell go just as fast but produces little or no recoil. The American bazooka anti-tank weapon can be fired from the shoulder because the projectile's speed is derived from the rocket propellant and not from reaction from the gun.

Pioneers

IT will be most difficult to sort out who were the real pioneers of rocket propelled missiles. The Germans were working on such things many years ago. The Russians were probably the first to put them into actual service in quantity. The Stormovik assault machines used rocket bombs before anybody else had put them into the battle. But now we are all rocket-minded. The Germans are using them, the Russians, the Japanese, the Americans and for all I know (for, of course, the whole thing is secret) even the belated British. The gliding bomb mentioned by the Prime Minister in his speech towards the end of September is rocket-driven and it really is the first genuine aerial torpedo ever used in war. The name aerial torpedo has been misapplied to all kinds of large bombs but this German device is the first standard service weapon which deserves the name.

Rocket propulsion then has brought into the range of possibility a great number of types of projectile which were not possible before. I believe that the infernal fireworks which are flung at Fortresses by Messerschmitt 109s and Focke-Wulf 190s are rockets of some kind. They were originally described as a form of flaming onion, with a number of blobs of fire somehow connected together like an old-fashioned chain shot, stream-lined, made luminous and brought up to date. But I think it more likely that some kind of rocket is involved. Possibly we shall soon know.

The plan for flinging out from the rear of an aircraft unpleasant pieces of metal in order to discourage fighters from attacking in that direction is old. In the war of 1914-18 we used to hear of German machines which let forth a cloud of inky fumes designed to put off the pursuer, though whether there was any truth in this rumour I do not know. Altogether at the moment there seems to be signs that the gun is going to go out of fashion. It has had a long run, but it would not be surprising if for air fighting it were near the end of its successful career. The rocket has so many advantages over it for aerial use that when it is fully developed it will almost certainly be a sharp competitor to the gun.

Kidnapping Mussolini

THE accounts that have been printed in the daily papers about the rescue of Mussolini by the German forces have been very varied and I am still waiting for an account that will sound true and hang together. At first it was said that a Fiesler Storch was landed on a mountain plateau 9,000 feet high in order to rescue him. Later it was said that the height of the place where he was thought to be was only 4,000 feet and that the so-called plateau was only twenty feet square. Even a Storch would not get down on a place twenty feet square.

This machine, however, has been useful to the Germans in many odd ways. They started to use it in the Ukraine for agricultural purposes and it has done a tremendous lot of communications and transport work. It is rather curious to think that its special qualities of low landing speed and short taking-off run are due to a British invention, namely the Handley Page slot. The Storch is a fully slotted machine and in the way the wings are arranged with the full slot and flap arrangement resembles that remarkable little aeroplane known as the Handley Page Gugnunc. What really happens is that the slots and flaps so move that the wing is given the qualities of a variable camber wing; it alters its camber to the speed and angle and so gives the appropriate lift. In this respect it strives to do mechanically what a bird does naturally. A bird is constantly flexing its wings and altering the camber to suit the conditions of flight. Mechanically to imitate this action is a problem of enormous complexity, but the multiple slotted wing does get somewhere near it.

Another interesting fact is that the Messerschmitt fighter has the Handley Page slot, though British designers have not used it on their fighters. It is certainly one of the most interesting and important inventions in British aviation. It may not retain its popularity in the future for other ways may appear of doing the same thing, but even then it will have contributed enormously to improved flying safety and, what is more important from the military point of view, increased flying speed range.



S/Ldr. Michael Stephens, D.S.O., D.F.C. and two bars, is seen with his wife, leaving Buckingham Palace after a recent investiture. He has destroyed twenty-one enemy aircraft

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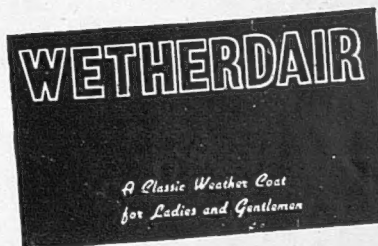
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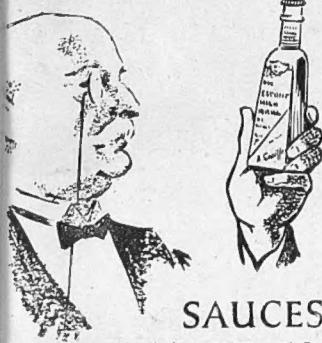
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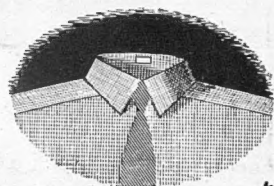
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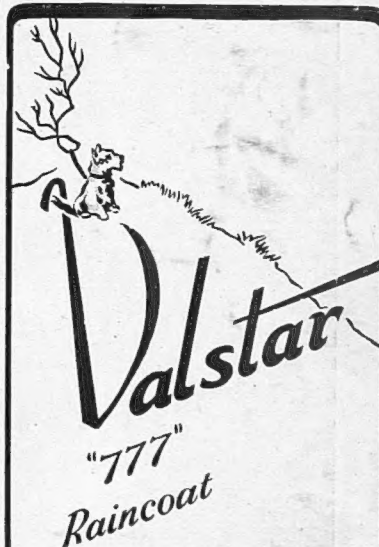


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